

Try

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Try

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Summary

"No, your majesty," Dream finally continued after a moment of silence. "No one will ever be good enough for you. No one will ever be perfect for you. But whoever that person is, they had better damn well try."

--

The day in which King George has a line of suitors come and try to win him over.

The palace staff tries to help their king filter out the bad people,

But no one is a harsher judge than the king's own knight, Dream.

Notes

First story!

I had this one-shot about some other pairing, but I've been in love with knight/king DNF lately so I repurposed the story. LMK if I misplaced she/her somewhere because it used to be a F/M pairing.

Everyone is in the story, can't help it. Little cameos from everyone.

Hope you enjoy it!

Twitter: @noimnotJJ

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Try

"I don't like him."

"Dream. You don't like anyone."

"I know."

The traveling prince could hear the two talk as he was escorted out of the throne room by a silent guard.

King George sat quietly on his throne, fingers tapping absentmindedly as yet another suitor left his kingdom. By his side was his knight, his personal guard, Dream, standing still with a hand on his sword, a crossbow strapped to his back, as if one weapon wasn't enough to meet suitors. To be quite fair, George hadn't taken a liking to any of the suitors that came to his palace today, but Dream making comments and judgments about his suitors were starting to get a bit annoying.

Somehow, in some way of reasoning that absolutely escapes Dream, today is the day. The day the doors to the kingdom were open for a free for all essentially. Every single person is welcomed to try and win the King's hand. It's a funny process if you look at it from the outside. The suitors would first come bearing gifts of all sorts. They'd come walking in thinking they're the best, carrying a peace treaty in their pocket, hoping to win the King's heart over.

George is beautiful, absolutely breathtaking. His kingdom was well off, powerful and large, but it never hurt to have more leverage. More allies, more treaties. He indeed had some of the most powerful knights and smartest advisors on his staff, namely his very own Dream.

Of course, not every person makes it to the throne room. They were welcomed *to try*.

First, they'd have to get past one Karl Jacobs. This process was quite simple really. Granted, the phrase every person is very misleading. Karl, along with his group such as Quackity, Eret, and Fundy quickly sorted through the commoners. Unfortunately, to be the prince consort or perhaps even queen, you have to prove yourself able to take such a responsibility.

You'd think that would sort through most of them, but people that help titles from whatever kingdom were a dime a dozen. Lords, Princesses, counts, and even queens- sometimes, perhaps some commoner did pass through, a knight, a warrior, a doctor, someone truly exceptional gets a chance.

A chance to meet the Blade.

Technoblade is infamous. And yes, in a bad way especially if he's not on your side. It was a miracle that they even managed to get him out of his anarchist ways even if not completely. A lot of compromises needed to be made, but he's there for George, if not for his king, for his friend Dream's sake. A short conversation with Technoblade could tell Sapnap nearly all he needed to know whether or not to let the people pass. Sapnap, a seemingly insignificant knight, secretly one of George's most trusted, has more say in the matter than you'd think.

Sometimes it was the unbelievable cockiness of the Prince of Celahar, actually thinking that he could and would win a one on one sword fight with Technoblade. Sapnap sent him home not only for his ignorance but also to save the man some embarrassment that if he even makes it to the throne room, chances are two words in and his friend Dream would punt the man to space.

Other times, Sapnap quickly picked up on the way Lady Cordelia from Zimar eyed Technoblade and even himself. It's quite obvious when they're doing this only for money and power.

Technoblade could also pinpoint most known traitors from his years of fighting alone, people who've asked him for help with a coup, whether or not they were successful. Knights that he's beaten for their lack of morals. Neither he nor Sapnap needed to tell them to leave, they would take off running.

Whoever passed, gets a chance to talk to Bad. The very polite, very kind, very seemingly harmless advisor of the king. Bad would check on whether or not these people have even read a single book, or what their opinions were about the war out west. Something political and intelligent. But Bad also cares deeply about his King, and never forgets to drops hints like George's favorite food, or his love for cats. Ones that show they've come only for the power would pay less attention to the tiny details the Bad left like breadcrumbs. George would later ask them about these things as per the deal he had with Bad.

The next-door lies with the three boys. Tommy, Tubbo, and Wilbur. They're very quick in judgment, very brutal as well. They would send people off before reaching Sapnap, Techno, or Bad. And if they passed the previous three, there were tests ahead.

A hint of rudeness and disrespect, whether it's the eye roll a suitor would use when they were told by Niki that they needed to wait a bit longer or a snappy tone they tend to give Phil, *who only looks after the castle and therefore couldn't possibly be important right?* Some kind of accident would happen, instantaneously. Water magically pouring down from the ceiling, smoke bombs down the hallway, they even let loose a goat once right around the corner of Lord Klaus, just to see his reaction. (Hint: he was not happy and quite rude about it as well).

They were exactly the chaotic trio needed to ward off suitors with questionable characters. King George is kind, patient, even with his rowdy knights that he considers his friends, his family. They'll be damned if anyone less than honorable gets to talk to their king.

If they passed through basically the entire palace staff, then they'd walk into the throne room to find King George, sitting pretty on his throne and Dream standing guard by his side.

"I thought you were done with the suitors." Dream said.

"I was."

"Was?" Dream asked incredulously.

"I still won't marry if I don't love them." The King stood up and stretched.

He had been sitting down the past hour as three suitors came and tried to woo him. They were all fine enough, but none of them had particularly caught his eyes. Every now and then, he'd catch Dream tossing the suitors the nastiest look, searing through the iconic mask that he wore, and George couldn't help but smile. He was protective of his King, that's for sure, but George had always hoped at times it was a bit more than that.

"But?" Dream said.

"It's no harm if I do love some royal with a powerful kingdom," George said. "We could do with the alliance Dream."

"First of all, we don't need an alliance. We're undefeated-

"Until Techno decides to turn on us," George mutters.

"Techno won't-" Dream sighed. "Techno is outside helping with this entire event. And besides, I can take Techno even if."

"Sure you can," George said teasingly.

"That's not the point." Dream shot down quickly even though George could see a hint of smirk escaping his knight's lips trying to suppress the amusement he got from his king's quips. "None of

them are good enough."

"They've passed Karl, Eret, Quackity, Fundy-" George started, and Dream gave out an exasperated sigh. "Techno *and* Sapnap. Not to mention Bad and the 3 buffoons out in the hallway. If they walk into this room, they're good enough."

"Whose stupid idea was this?" Dream asked in frustration. He was standing in front of George looking at the sight of his King, ready to give himself away to someone he barely knew.

"It was my stupid idea!" George replied.

"So you do agree it's stupid." Dream said in a challenging tone.

"Know your place Dream." George sneered.

"You know suitors are never a good idea *George*." Dream exclaimed. "The amount of danger that is inviting a stranger into your kingdom, your house, your bed-" His voice rising with anger.

"Know your place *Clay*," George repeated.

"Your highness." Dream added sarcastically.

"And I'm not a child. I'm the King. I have to think about this." George said, exasperated. "I need to think about the future. If I die without an heir, biological or not, who gets the throne? Have the people fight for it? Have you all fight for it? I would never forgive myself." His shoulders fell as he sighed. "Worse yet, a hostile kingdom tries to take over, and then what? What happens to you?" George's eyes meet Dream's mask, a still atmosphere fell around the question. "All of you." George quickly added.

"I'd die fighting." Dream answered coolly. "Besides, you're not dying before me." George rolled his eyes but couldn't help but smirk. "Also, if you're so concerned about dying, just- don't die." He continued in a matter-of-factly fashion.

"How do you suppose I not die when I go to battle?" George said.

"Another very easy answer." Dream said. "Don't. Go. To battle."

"Right.." George scoffed. "We have enemies. You make a lot of enemies, more than me actually." Arms crossed, looking up at his guard that towered over him. "I'm just supposed to avoid all conflict possible."

"Yes." Dream answered curtly.

"Then let me marry a kingdom that can protect and assist us, and with the treaty, will have no conflict with us." George rattled.

"That's not-" Dream started. "That's not what I-" the words were failing in his mouth.

George felt bad yet a little triumphant as he made his way back to his throne and sat down.

"Or-" Dream started, voice low and wary. "You could let me go and find a totem of undying for you."

"No, absolutely not." George immediately shot down.

"I won't go alone, I'd take Techno and Sapnap." Dream insisted.

"I am your king and I said no," George said firmly. "Your obsession with trying to keep me safe has to stop."

"You were concerned about dying Georgie, the Totem of Undying solves-" George snapped up as Dream's usage of his childhood nickname.

"The last time you tried that Clay, you came home-" it was George's turn to raise his voice. "You came home *to me, half dead and burnt.*" George was panting heart racing as he remembered the day, no more than three years ago. "I spent three weeks at your bedside, three weeks in which you couldn't so much as wake up, or have you forgotten the reason you wear that mask? The reason

you wouldn't let me see your face?"

George hadn't even realized that he'd got up from the chair once more and stalked right up to his knight, now inches away from Dream. He was close enough that he could see the remnants of the burn marks on the left edge of Dream's face. George had seen it even before it healed over, but Dream had always been careful about showing his face after that day.

"I'd marry you before I let you do something like that for me ever again," George said determinedly.

They both stopped what they're doing as the words left George's mouth. He had just realized what he had said and winced as he saw Dream shift uncomfortably. Dream was fine. He convinced himself that over and over again. The king had simply used that example, as it is something impossible. Had he really fallen that hard for his majesty that his simple words could make him this sick?

The door swung open and in came a prince. He was tall and he walked with pride. He wore a green cravat, a white jacket, and a pair of white gloves. His riding boots are what caught George's attention.

"A red-head. Wonderful," Dream turned and whispered to George, who'd just sat back down on his throne.

"Shut up." He mumbled.

The prince had red hair and sideburns. His eyes lit up when he saw George, and he smiled what seems to be a sincere smile of adoration.

"King George." He bowed.

The prince stood up straight and walked closer to the throne.

"Forgive me. I believe I am the last one." He said.

"That's alright." George smiled at him. "And you are-"

"Prince Alfred." He smiled. "From the Western Isles."

Both Dream and George's stiffen up at the introduction. Four kingdoms reside on the Western Isles, all of which are currently too busy in war with each other. So what is this Prince doing here? Which of the four kingdoms is he from?

Dream was *incredibly more pissed* at his friends outside that let this man through.

George kept his questions and curiosity in check as he stretched out his hand to shake Alfred's though the prince surprised him bowed and kissed the back of his palm. George gave an involuntary blush and smiled.

"No." Dream blurted out

Dream's voice startled George as he forgot that his friend was there. Alfred stood up straight and smiled at George before turning to Dream.

"Erm." George cleared his throat. "Right. Alfred. I'd like you to meet my right-hand man. My loyal knight. Dream."

Alfred smiled and stretched his arm out to shake Dream's. Dream, on the other hand, stared at it like it was trash.

"Dream is it?" Alfred said. "I've heard about you and what you did when you were fifteen. A dragon is not an easy kill."

Alfred's hand was hanging mid-air and Dream still refused to shake it.

"Like I said. No," Dream turned to face George.

"Shake his hand, Dream." George gritted his teeth.

"I'm not taking my hand off the blade, your majesty." Dream said, emphasizing the last word.

"Well, you've got two hands." George snapped. Dream was pulling his patience to a thread.

They had a staring contest and neither wanted to back off. Of course, as stubborn a man Dream is, George was one of, if not his only weakness. His left hand went to the hilt of his sword, and his right hand moved to shake Alfred's hand. There was a bit of disappointment when Alfred didn't flinch to Dream crushing his hand.

"It's like talking to a child," George mumbled.

"As I said, your majesty, forgive me for being the last," Alfred said.

"You're not." Dream answered.

"Oh. I was under the presumption that I am." Alfred said. "Seeing there were no more people outside."

"You won't be the last, I promise." Dream said easily, staring down at Alfred. "More will come."

"So. Prince Alfred." George said, cutting in their conversation. "Tell me about your kingdom, you say you're from the Western Isles?"

"Yes." Prince Alfred grinned. "I am from Laerean. Crown Prince of Laerean."

Dream stiffened.

How the fuck did this guy pass?

Alfred cleared his throat and glanced nervously at Dream. Whether if the stance, the two weapons, the reputation alone, or even the very very unsettling mask, Dream was definitely something.

"Am I making you uncomfortable?" Dream growled threateningly. George let out a groan on the inside.

"No." Alfred smiled. "I just assumed we would be alone."

"The only way I'd let that happen is if I turn into a horse." Dream said.

"Very doable Dream." George tapped his fingers impatiently on the side of his throne. "Very doable."

"Anyway." Alfred smiled. "To be honest your majesty, I haven't come here to buy your love with a peace treaty or an alliance. I came to get to know you. You are a fine young man, and you are absolutely beautiful."

"Words ain't getting you nowhere." Dream cleared his throat.

"I was just looking for my place in this world, and I would be lying if I said I hadn't hoped it would be here with you." Alfred continued dismissing everything Dream just said.

"Your place?" Dream said. "You're not good enough for-."

"Dream, that's enough!" George stood up and faced him. "What are you, my dad?!"

"No. That guy was a bastard and he's dead!" Dream yelled. "I'm your guard, I'm to protect you."

"From him?" George half whispered and half yelled.

"From anyone I see could be of harm to my King." Dream said.

"Callahan!" George shouted.

Callahan came walking with his hand on his sword and relaxed only when he saw nothing was happening. Nothing that involved swords at least. He could feel the tension between his friend and his king so thick that he might actually need his sword to cut through. Callahan remained silent.

"Callahan. Could you be a dear and escort Prince Alfred out?" George said.

Alfred seemed a little disappointed but walked towards Callahan, who stood there nodding.

"Oh. And don't send him home just yet." George said.

Alfred threw him a triumphant smile before following the silent knight to the courtyard to be greeted by yet another knight in the castle by the name of Ranboo.

George waited long enough for the door to slam close and for Prince Alfred and Callahan to walk far enough before he started to shout.

"What is your problem?" George turned to Dream, filled with rage. "Know-

"-my place." Dream said. "You've said that three times now."

"Because you won't listen!"

"Because I know my place, and it's here guarding you! Making sure you make the right choices! Ensuring your happiness, my king." Dream said.

"I know what I'm doing!" George yelled. "Never question what I'm doing Dream."

"He's not good enough." Dream repeated.

"I've met with 8 suitors today, Dream. All from big kingdoms with powerful influences. All intelligent and not bad with a sword. All have been in battle, all perfectly qualified." George said.

"I'm not saying they're not qualified." Dream gazed into George's eyes. "I'm saying they're not good enough. No one is ever going to be good enough for you."

This silenced George. For the first time throughout the day, George saw more than jealousy or protectiveness in his eyes. He saw genuine care and more importantly, love.

Growing up, George's father never liked his heir hanging out with the boy from the village that hangs around the river. But George had always fought to have Dream by his side. Sneaking out himself or sneaking Dream in, scheduling visits when he knew his father would be visiting a neighboring kingdom.

A small part of Dream knew that the reason the king hated the idea of the two of them together was that the king could see the way Dream cared for George. And he'll be damned if his son married a village boy.

So Dream fought to be with George, constantly proving himself to be the best, killed a dragon at 15 years old, so that when push comes to shove- When the prince's life was in danger, the king couldn't even deny getting someone better to protect George. And so Dream went to George's side, and he never left.

Their relationship is something left unspoken

"Sure! Maybe they can lead, maybe they can fight and battle." Dream said. "Your partner would need all those things. But you're not just looking for a partner. You're looking for a life companion, George."

George held his breath. Something was stirring inside of him and it felt ridiculous. It felt so unfamiliar but somehow it felt right.

"You need to find someone that loves you." Dream said.

"Who says they won't?" George said, but he himself knew the answer. Dream simply replied with a scoff. He gazed at his king lovingly.

"They would." He said. *Of course, they would.*

"Well?" George said.

"They're not right for you." Dream said. "Lord Acoric taps his foot when he's nervous. You and I both know you hate it. He'll be shaking in his pants when we go to battle."

"I've noticed, but-"

"The Princess of Jeavudd is quite vain and also insecure?" Dream continued in disbelief. "She would need constant reassurance that she's to be prettier than you?"

"I know. But-"

"Queen Carilium only cares about an Heir. But then she doesn't want to take the name on our kingdom?" Dream asked.

"Dream-"

"The Prince of Gwelidric has pride pouring out of every single sentence he speaks." Dream said. "That man would never let you go to battle in the fears that you'll save him instead of him saving you."

"Please-"

"The earl of Dyrth is just a plain bastard." He stated. "King? He wants to be King? It's not even his own kingdom and what? Does he want two kings or for you to step down?"

"Stop-"

"The prince of Sevead looks like an elf!" Dream exclaimed.

"Dream!"

"And don't get me started on that last *bastard*-"

"Clay! That is enough!" George yelled.

Dream stopped his rage-filled ramble and turned to his king. Rarely has his name been used too harshly, and he is heartbroken when he saw that George too was confused. He too was worried.

Dream had assumed the king would never do this against his will. George had always fought his dad at every turn, and marrying another royal for politics and benefits was one of those points. But now, after his father is gone, he's doing this against his own will.

For the good of his kingdom.

"What do you suppose I do then?" George asked desperately. "Grow old like my father? Bitter and alone because he married for love and that didn't work out, then what? What happens to you when I'm gone?" The same question rings through the throne room, though the emphasis this time falls on the word *you*.

"George-

"I'm your king, Dream," George said, surprisingly, in a soft tone. "There are sacrifices I need to make. Maybe these suitors aren't the one, but someone has to be good enough."

Dream tried to avoid George's gaze and sighed. He turned away and started to pace around slowly.

"You need someone who knows what you'd like for breakfast. Someone who won't be scared to let you go into battle but absolutely terrified to lose you. Someone who'll go to battle by your side, and is willing to die for you. You need someone who will tell you what color cloak you're wearing today because we both know you couldn't tell. Someone who will be your consultant if ever comes the day when I'm not around. Someone who knows why you're acting one way or another just by the looks of you." Dream said. "You are the King. You will need someone to help you. But also someone who loves you."

He finished with a sort of sad smile on his face. He turned to face his king, in all his glory and power. Dream gazed at him as if this was the last time he was ever going to lay his eyes on his best friend. He looked at his George as if he was the moon and stars in his life that were about to be taken away.

Truth is, he does feel like he was going to disappear. George had set his mind to marry a royal from another kingdom, and he was neither a prince nor from another kingdom. He had made peace with it.

"No, your majesty," Dream finally continued after a moment of silence. "No one will ever be good enough for you. No one will ever be perfect for you. But whoever that person is, they had better damn well try."

Dream slowly turned and started to walk away.

George's body has completely failed him.

His mind absolutely failed him in thinking straight. All he could think about was how Clay's lips would taste on his. Oh, how he'd miss looking at the green eyes now covered with his mask. He could feel his warmth all the way from where Clay was walking away

His mouth failed him as it quivered. It was dry and he couldn't speak, though there are so many things that needed to be said. Like the truth, for a change. And he too thought- knew the reason his father hated the two of them together was because of an age-old crush the prince has always had on his best friend.

His feet failed him at the time he needed it most. No, this was not a run-for-your-life situation but it felt like his life was walking away from him. His Dream- his Clay, was walking away.

His heart failed him the most. It gave in even though he tried so hard to hide it. It cried out and dropped all its walls finally giving George the realization he needed.

That's when everything started working.

"Clay," George called.

Dream stopped in his tracks and turned back. He had a grim look on his face as he walked toward his king.

"Yes, your majesty?" He said without a hint of emotion. No playfulness, not in a joking manner, not even in his usual flirtatious voice.

He didn't have that smirk he'd always wear every time he flirts with George. His eyes didn't sparkle like it did every moment he sees him.

Has he really thought he had lost him?

George wasted no more time thinking about that. There was something more important. Something he'd just realize.

George loved him.

George ran from where he stood but quickly stopped in front of Dream, who looked confused more

than anything.

"May I?" George asked softly, hands reaching out to hold Dream's mask. Dream's hands instinctively caught George by the wrist, but George pushed with a little pressure and Dream had let George's hand continued moving until his mask slid off his face.

His beautiful Clay.

Perfect in every way shape and form.

Clay never had to try.

Dream's eyes searched George's face, unknowing of what his king was up to or what he's to do next. George's hand cupped Dream's face, thumb slowly caressing the scar he'd desperately tried to hide for the longest time, brown eyes disappearing in a pool of green. Dream slowly melted into his king's hand- His George's hand. The warmth that it brought him, the comfort, the love.

George took yet another step closer before closing the gap, pulling Dream into a kiss. For the first time in the entire day, Dream took both hands off his sword. His hand snaked down to George's delicate waist and pulled him closer until their bodies were pressed against each other.

George could feel Dream start to smile as their lips moved in sync. For the first time today also, George gave someone a sincere smile.

The door opened and in came Tubbo. The moment he saw his king and the guard kissing, he panicked. The door closed as quickly as it opened.

"C'mon then," Tommy said. "What's the hold-up?"

Tubbo just shook his head.

"Are you alright Tubbo?" Wilbur asked. Tubbo continued to shake his head.

"Spill!" Tommy said.

"Kissing!" Tubbo exclaimed.

"With Prince of Western war crime?" Tommy said. "I told you we should've stabbed him!"

"Techno insisted he had to pass through!" Wilbur said. "I don't fight with what Techno says."

"I didn't like him from the moment I saw him," Phil added coolly as he joined his three boys in front of the throne room.

"Get Techno, I'm going to fucking kill him," Tommy exclaimed. Phil chuckled but went to fetch Techno anyway.

"You okay Tubbo?" Wilbur asked Tubbo who never stopped shaking his head.

"Not western." Tubbo blurted out.

"Not-" Tommy said. "Then who-

Tubbo stared at his friend, wide eyes like he'd been scarred for life.

"No." Wilbur gasped. "It couldn't possibly be. Surely not-

Wilbur and Tommy creaked the door open.

Somehow in the few moments that they were talking outside, George and Dream had managed to pull each other to the floor, half kissing half-laughing on top of each other.

Dream was sat on the ground, sword on the floor, his king sat on top of him beaming down as he continued to pepper him with kisses. The two intruders could hear whispers of adoration passed back and forth.

Wilbur quickly shut the door, wondering how the two people inside could not hear the giant oak doors open and close twice. They were all speechless. It took a while for them to process everything.

"I uh-" Wilbur stuttered. "That- that is?"

"What is it, Tommy?" Techno's voice echoed across the hallway, visibly annoyed that Tommy had sent Phil to summon Techno. Sapnap was behind him.

"Why did you leave your post?" Bad asked, now joining the crowd that has amassed in front of the throne room.

"Phil said Tommy wanted to kill me, I'm ready," Techno said.

"We're done for the day are we not? We have a winner." Sapnap said with a sly grin. "Phil said Tommy wanted to kill Techno because the king is kissing-"

"No." Bad whined, disappointed. "That last guy? The one you vetoed past me?" Bad looked at Techno irritably. "I know I said I trusted your judgment Techno, but the Laerean Prince? He's walking trouble, his decisions have caused the lives of- thousands. He's the one that started the war out west."

Techno smirked, before looking at Sapnap who shrugged.

"Who exactly is King George kissing?" Techno asked the speechless trio, though it looked like he's already known the answer.

"Prince Alfred, right?" Phil was the one who answered.

Tubbo, Tommy, and Wilbur shook their heads.

"No?" Phil asked.

"No." A voice behind them replied. "Prince Alfred is outside with Callahan." Ranboo walked down the hallway. "I was about to get the King, it's been a while and I don't know what to do with him."

"Oh, I've got him." Techno grinned. "We've got unfinished business." He stalked down the

hallway, his signature sword was drawn out.

"Should we-" Phil said. "Should we stop him? Techno-" Phil quickly chased after him, Ranboo right on his tail.

"I'm confused, somebody please explain," Bad said as all the remaining people turned to Sapnap.

"I know George and I know Dream. More importantly, I know what they like." Sapnap smiled. "Techno, on the other hand, knows exactly what Dream hates."

"Could you *be* more cryptic?" Tommy asked harshly.

"Dream has had the first-hand experience with Laerean, who- if you weren't a literal child a few years ago, would know were the ones who threatened our dear king's life back when he was a prince- the whole reason Dream was appointed his protector?" Sapnap said smugly. "Not a lot of people knew that, there was a lot of espionage and traitors, and deals, and treaties to cover that up. I don't think even George knows, but Dream-"

"Dream knows." Wilbur started to connect the dots. "And that's what set him off."

"Techno knows too." Sapnap nodded. "So we agreed to let prince Alfred pass. Optimistically, we'd get what we want. What those two desperately need."

"So the king is in there with Dream?" Bad clarified. "Together?"

"They're pretty *together*, Bad," Tommy confirmed. "I need to wash my eyes."

"They're on the floor and everything." Tubbo shuddered.

Sapnap and Bad shared a look.

"I guess it's time to send everyone home," Sapnap said cheerfully. "I'll go tell Karl."

"I will try to avoid an assassination in our courtyard." Bad looked towards the general direction in which Techno went and sighed. "I'm gonna need you three."

"Get me out of here." Wilbur agreed, pointing at the door to the throne room.

Inside the throne room though, George and Clay couldn't stop laughing. Clay placed a kiss on his king's forehead and smiled. George tried to hide his giggle as he leaned down and kissed his knight once more.

"I have to go," George said the moment they pulled apart.

"What?" Clay asked as he propped up on his elbows.

"I have to go, Clay," George said, his thumb smoothed over Clay's face and kissed the corners of his lips.

"Why?" Clay asked warily.

"Stop being so scared." George laughed. "I just have to do something."

"Do what?" Clay said. George rolled his eyes.

"Why do you want to know, my love?" George teased. He bit his bottom lip and it drove Clay completely insane. He kissed the brunette once again, pulling him down as he lied on his back once more.

George laughed in between kissed but pulled away eventually. He smiled, but when he saw that Clay was actually worried, the realization dawned on him.

"You're scared I'm gonna leave you," George said slowly.

Clay sighed and looked up to him with his big green eyes. The blonde kissed his nose, and sat up, making the king slid off to the floor.

"It wouldn't be the first time." Clay said quietly. "More than one occasion you've gone missing."

"True, but you've found me," George said, taking both of Clay's hand as he helped him up. "You've always found me." George reached up to smoothen Clay's hair, tucking it nicely under the hood that he wears before handing him his mask back. "Besides, you can't be mad at me when I forgave you for disappearing for 2 weeks to find Techno. Another 3 over that assassination attempt. And the whole week before the totem incident."

Clay sighed as he took both his king's hands onto his and places a gentle kiss on his knuckles.

"Relax." George chuckled, hand instinctively reached out to raise Clay's face by the chin so that they're facing each other again. "I have to do something. And you'll like it. Trust me."

"I do trust you, my love." Clay kissed his wrists. "But I can't help but wonder-"

"I'm sending Prince Alfred home," George said.

Clay, amidst the kiss and the euphoric feeling of this fever dream of confessing your love for the king debacle, had nearly forgotten about Prince Alfred from Laerean. He ought to have a conversation with Techno after this, but only after he sends the Prince home with a strong message.

"You know what, why don't I do that for you darling?" Clay offered generously. "Practice for when I'm your Prince Consort."

"Prince consort huh? Bold." George commented, fingers trailing down to find Clay's left hand so he could intertwine. "I should probably still go, where are my manners?"

"I prefer you didn't." Clay said.

"Are you jealous?" George teased. "I chose you, isn't that enough?"

"That's not why, I-" Clay was interrupted by the door opening, a panting Sapnap running in.

Clay instinctively moved his hand away from George's grip, scrambling to find the hilt of his sword. George gave out an offended gasp before turning back to Sapnap.

"We already know." Sapnap blurted out hurriedly, pointing at the general direction of the two men in the throne room. "But Dream put on your mask, you have to stop Techno."

"W-what is Techno doing?" Dream ran to find the crossbow that he'd taken off his back when they were kissing on the floor.

"Techno's going to kill Prince Alfred," Sapnap said.

"What?" George was the one who exclaimed.

"Right now we have Wilbur, Tommy, Tubbo, Phil, and Ranboo all out in the courtyard. Callahan, too I think, and-" Sapnap rambled off.

"Jack, Ant, close the gates, get the people out, it's gonna get messy!" Eret's voice rang through hallways

"And apparently, Prince Alfred's brought his people as well." Sapnap continued.

"Dream, we gotta go!" Quackity yelled as Dream saw him sprint past the open door.

"Sapnap, he came with two dozen guards," Karl reported, both Sapnap and Dream's eyes widened.

"You two, you're staying with George." Dream said pointing at Karl and Sapnap.

"I'll take the tower!" Dream heard Fundy yell.

"Wait, Clay-" George took Dream's arm.

"I'll come with!" Niki yelled after Fundy. "Dream, your shield!" She quickly peeked into the throne room before handing Dream's shield to Karl.

"You're a godsend, Niki," Dream called out but she'd already runoff, quickly followed by Punz, Ponk, and Puffy all with projectile weapons. "I'll deal with this. I love you." He quickly kissed George on the lips, but George wouldn't let go of his grip.

"Clay-" George insisted.

"I will try and sort this out with words, I promise my darling, but Techno is volatile and I need to be quick." Dream said.

"Techno's on a horse," Awesamduke reported to Sapnap, who looks more and more constipated by the minute.

"I really gotta go," Dream begged because he sure as hell am not going to ever pull away from George's arms, not if he can help it.

"I don't want you hurt," George said.

"And me, you." Dream pecked him yet again. "Stay safe."

Dream readjusted his mask before heading towards the door, taking his shield from Karl.

"Explain things to him," Dream told Sapnap who nodded quickly. Dream then took off running behind Awesamduke who led them to the courtyard.

"Were you ever gonna tell me?" Karl looked at Sapnap accusingly.

"This *just* happened," Sapnap said defensively, gesturing to the king, who looked a little offended. "And Dream wasn't talking about you." Turning to his king with a grin. "How are you doing your majesty?"

"What is going on?" George said. "What's the deal with Prince Alfred?"

"Remember when you turned eighteen and there was a bounty for your head, and Dream went and killed a dragon so your father had to let him protect you, and then you didn't die but then like 2 years later he was gone for 3 weeks because he wanted to find who placed the bounty in the first place?" Sapnap just grimaced as the utterly confused king. "It was Prince Alfred's father."

"What the-"

Bonus feature after the fight

"Yes I know Dream, it is technically my fault that I let the prince in to meet the king, but it's also for the sake of love, and I also didn't know that Techno had plans to kill him or that the prince had brought an entire army," Sapnap said to Dream, who crossed his arms and glared daggers at Sapnap.

"Where did you put Techno?" George asked as he wrapped Dream's wounded arm with bandages.

"On time-out in the library with Phil," Dream huffed. "Though I have to admit, it felt good to punch the prince in the face."

"You said you'd use words," George stared at him flatly.

"And my words were, *tell your father I'm coming after him*," Dream shrugged.

"Guess we're going to war with the west," George sighed.

"It's alright," Dream grinned. "We got Techno."

Notes

Hey all, thanks for all the love for the fic! Loved reading all the reaction and comments.

I've decided to make the fic into a series, and I've posted another one-shot, you can find 21 Days on my profile or just under the series.

I just placed this chapter to let you know that the fics are going to be published not in a timeline constricting order because well, I literally can't take back what I've already written.

Some fics take place before George is King, some fics is before Try, some fics might be after Try, and some fics might just be for other characters that live in this world. Like spin-offs and things. (I'm a Techno simp can you tell?)

That is all. Thanks!

End Notes

Might do a part two with the whole dragon, and bounty, and kids in love, and things if this works out.

Or if we're up for some angst, maybe the totem of undying story.

let me know the comments thanks!

Twt: @noimnotJJ

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!